CHILD'S PARTY ALL UNCHANGED

EVEN THE ICE CREAM HAS THE SAME OLD LURE.

Lecturers May Lecture and Reformers Reform, but a Slap Is Still the Most Effective Quieter—Five Hundred Little Boys and Girls and Their Ways.

Just where the rumor started that nice little old fashioned girls and boys with simple tastes for playthings and games had gone out and that in their stead had grown a race of precocious beings, neither children nor grownups, who aped the ways of their elders it is hard to say. Judging from some lecturers, the modern child is a very accomplished being, vastly different from the child of twenty or thirty years ago, who like Topsy "just growed." Up to date science has told us strange and wonderful truths about the child's development; has laid down laws concerning his spiritual, mental and physical on going until in spite of ourselves we have been forced to believe in the existence of some new sort of child.

Nature, however, is apt to have the final sayso in matters relating to the human being, and Nature seems to have a love for the plain, unadorned child.

This truth was made apparent, to give a specific instance, at a children's party held at the Hotel Ansonia holiday week by the management. This annual event is looked forward to eagerly for weeks not only by the children who live in the hotel but by the friends near by, the

THE SNOW MAN AND THE FAIRIES.

"neighborhood children," who are included in the merrymaking. Some five hundred gathered on this occasion, and five hundred is a pretty fair number from which to make comparisons and draw conclusions.

From a divan in an angle of the corridor which leads to the main dining room, turned for the time into the party room, the onslaught of guests was watched

"GENTLEMEN EMBRACE THEIR PARTNERS."

It was noted that the hour named on the invitation, 3 P. M., was adhered to with a punctuality which was certainly complimentary. There were few late stragglers, and no belle of the ball apparently waited to make an entrance and cast her rivals into the shade. Before the hour struck taxis and street cars brought youngsters, who were tugging at their wraps before they got inside the door, and the elevators ran up and down bringing the children who lived in the hotel and who not having to be freed from cloaks and coats had a few moments start and secured points of vantage outside the big doors, which were tantalizingly closed until a few moments past the time specified.

A second's insubordination in one of these groups was quelled in quite an archaic manner by the father, a foreign celebrity well known in operatic circles, who administered an effective, old fashioned slap in a hearty manner. Strange as it may seem, none of the surrounding multitude of little folk seemed at all surprised at this punishment and the suspicion was forced into your mind in spite of any modern beliefs in regard to disciplining the child by mental suggestion that possibly—just possibly—the methods loved by our grandparents may still prevail. Else why the glances of satisfaction on the faces of nearby nurses and parents, why the stolid acceptance by the party of the second part and why the indifference of the chastised one's companions?

The half hour that intervened before the party really began was a very restive interval. Little girls in pink, blue and white, with golden curls or brunette braids pulled out their ribbons and tied and untied bows. Small boys showed the contents of their Christmas pockets to other small boys and surreptitious swaps were made when the elders' eyes were momentarily turned aside. Two or three, utterly indifferent to the state of composure which is supposed to mark the temperament of the twentieth century child, actually beat upon the closed doors with clenched fists until dragged away by protesting guardians in the form of older sisters.

Faithful to your belief in the child cult, you took this occasion to corral a small boy with liquid blue eyes, costumed in a white flannel suit picked out with a scarlet sash and a scarlet tie, and ask him his opinion of Ibsen and if he thought that the great father of twentieth century drama had paid enough attention to the influence of the child upon society.

Small boy wriggled painfully, swallowed hard and something very like a tear showed for a moment. Finally he lisped, holding up a fringed end of his sash: "Ith it pretty?"

Although not exactly the answer you had looked forward to, you took what was given to you without protest and admitted that it was. Then the small boy kissed you loudly in the same way that little boys used to kiss in the dear dead days before science pointed out the microbic dangers that lurked in kissing.

In fact a great deal of this contagious pastime took place at the Ansonia party. You actually saw one couple, a little boy in blue and a tiny girl in pink, stop in the very middle of the room after a dance and kiss each other with a perfectly shameless disregard to time, place and protest. Somebody who knew said that they were no relations at all. Frequently little girls exchanged such salutes, and we might have stepped back a whole generation judging merely from the caresses and compliments showered upon the guests by the fringe of mothers, fathers and guardians.

The conversation was hardly what you would have expected of grown men and women who have had all the many years advantage of higher culture.

"Isn't she the darling?"

"Did you ever see such long curls?"

"He's a cherub, that's what he is, a heavenly cherub."

"Yes, darling, one more piece of chocolate. Mamma's got it in her pocket."

Naturally this was a very painful awakening for one who had been led to believe that not only children but parents as well had advanced so nobly along the path that leads to the development of the perfect young.

There was no repose visible when the doors were flung open and a view was obtained of the interior. The noise coming from some 500 small throats swelled in a volume of sound through the adjoining rooms, along the corridor and into the less boisterous world outside. It was a noise that should by good rights have called Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, who dwells at the Ansonia and is interested in anti-noise matters, from the seclusion of her rooms. That she did not appear shows probably that she knows that a real children's party is the Waterloo for one with a mission of this kind.

There was one amazed gasp of ohs and

ECSTASY.

ahs made up of innumerable smaller gasps. The ceiling of the big dining room was covered with white, dotted with tiny incandescent bulbs that winked and blinked like stars in a frosty sky; fringes of snow and icicles capped the wainscoting of the room, and a row of blue lights in a cornice gave the look of veritable winter to the place. Separating the long spaces along the walls were huge snow men made of cotton batting, with fierce eyes of black and fiercer batons, with rakish caps outlined with red ribbons.

Little Tommy gave no evidence of that extraordinary nerve force which is said to be the inheritance of the coming generation. Tommy bawled loudly at the grotesque figures until he was led up to one and allowed to poke his fist into a cotton batting arm, when he became once more a rather bold and brave young person.

Garlands of holiday green, Christmas bells of white shiny stuff ornamented with holly clusters, ribbons of tinsel stretched in ropes from arch to arch and huge wreaths, tied with poinsetta red, completed the decorations, which only needed the added touch afforded by the costumes of the 500 children to make a picture that was a joy to the grownups.

The costumes did not exhibit any precocious advance. There were no bobble skirts im embryo, no aping of mature modes. Simplicity prevailed everywhere. There were no chains and bracelets, no jewels except those of the carnelian variety, no attempt to overdo. All the little girls were gowned in white, and the ribbon bows were of many colors, blue and pink predominating. You note a tiny miss in a dainty gown of white muslin, all hand made, which is so short that her tiny knees are shown. The dress is stiffly starched and flares coquettishly. Her hair curls in natural golden ringlets all over her head and above each ear is fastened a chou of baby ribbon, blue as her eyes. Blue stockings and blue kid slippers complete her attire, which with a slight alteration of color might do for a description of the other 299 little girls. You breathe a sigh of relief at the absence of all the furbelows that you might naturally suppose would belong to a lot of children so wonderfully in advance of the children of long ago.

And in spite of further presentiments of a depressing nature you discover just the same number of types that always exist in children's parties and possibly, scientists to the contrary, always will.

The grand march is led by a small girl who wears her finger in her mouth and clings to the tweed arm of a much smaller boy whose tiny face is accentuated by a pair of huge, black rimmed spectacles.

There is the little girl who wears tight shoes and tries to look unconscious as she makes a furtive limp now and then.

There is the fat boy, round and apple cheeked, who takes his stand stolidly at the door which leads to the culinary department and does not pretend an interest in dancing with mere girls.

You see a little mother leading her charge to a distant corner, tying the bow in her hair, wiping the little hot face and pulling out wrinkles in the mussed gown.

There is the greedy boy who manages to eat his ice cream, get rid of the plate by some legerdermain trick and take his place again in the procession, securing a second helping.

Miss Disdain comes in from the park, where she has been skating. She is in her out of door dress and drags a bull pup by his leash. He is the only dog at the party and acts as if he would like to be free and run about a bit, but Miss Disdain adjusts his sweater and her own and after a pitying look about at the crowd who are content with such frivolous pursuits goes away with head high in air.

Mamma's darling clings closely to the maternal knee and only makes occasional sallies onto the ballroom floor led by the hand. A small boy who begs the "privilege" is refused when it is discovered that mamma is not included.

There are two other particulars in which it is discovered that the party child of 1911 closely resembles all others.

One is in regard to dramatic feeling.

When the sheet for the moving picture is drawn across one end of the room, the lights are lowered and the grownups infringe on the floor space you naturally expect that at last you are to witness some mental uplift, some artistic enlightenment.

Not at all. Nothing but horseplay and claptrap, men running away from women who pursue with broomsticks and pails of water; women running away from other women who grab hats and pull hair, all sorts of adventures which end in people falling over each other in the centre of the picture. And the worst of it is that the children loved it and when several men tumbled all over each other and there were just feet and hands beating the air, the shouts of laughter and clappings of hands would make you feel sorrowful if you had expected higher moments.

The second blow was the great moment of the party which sounded at 4 o'clock. It was then ice cream and cake were served by a corps of eager handed waiters who didn't seem to care a little bit how hard they worked.

Of course you expect the children at East Side parties to be a little eager about ice cream, and even children in country places where ice cream isn't quite so plentifully supplied. But was there any difference? In shame the chronicler avers that not one bit of evidence was gleaned that there is any growing distaste, the result of progressive evolution, against this article of fare. Dances were stopped midway. Parents were forgotten. Little boys forgot to notice whether little girls were first supplied. Little girls forgot to protect their gowns and ribbons in the crush and finally, when the last spoon was licked, all of a sudden the children got very tired and wanted to go home. To them the party was ended with the clang of the spoon in the ice cream saucer. Just like all other children, the wide world over!

SOME INTERESTED ONLOOKERS.

FREAK PATENTS THAT GET BY

BRIGHT IDEAS TO MEET THE NEEDS OF HENS AND CATS.

Devices to Get People Out of Bed and Out of Graves—Perpetual Motion Machines—Lincoln's Unsinkable Ship—A Dimple Maker and a Poet.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Almost 1,000,000 patents have been issued by the United States Government since the establishment of the Patent Office and approximately 700 new patents are being issued every week. That is one reason why some freak patents have been issued. It is inevitable that a device that is nothing more or less than a curiosity will slip by the examiners now and then when so many thousands of applications are being considered.

Another reason is that the law guarantees a patent to the inventor of any device that is new and useful. A freak device is always new and its creator can usually make a vigorous representation of its utility.

For example, any one will concede that a device that will keep a chicken from scratching up a garden or a flower bed is useful, so what was the Patent Office to do but issue papers when a man came along with such a device that was undeniably new? The device is a sort of hobble so geared that every time the chicken stops to scratch the scratch becomes a step and the chicken finds itself walking right on out of the garden.

Whether the device is practical and will be generally used is altogether a different question and one for the inventor to settle with the prospective buyer. At any rate the device suggests an answer to the old question, Why did the chicken cross the road? Answer: Because it tried to stop and scratch.

Digging into the records at the Patent Office discloses the fact that the freak patents cover almost anything and everything from devices for feeding and rocking a baby to sleep to novelties in the way of tombstones or intricate mechanisms enabling a person who has been buried prematurely to sound an alarm and summon assistance for a resurrection in which Gabriel has no part.

Chickens, or more particularly the gentle hen, have inspired many inventive geniuses. In addition to the chicken hobble patents have been issued on devices for registering the time when a hen lays an egg, identifying the hen that laid a particular egg and preventing the robbing of hens' nests. Some of these devices take the form of trap nests; others are to be adjusted to the hen.

Cats have come in for a fair share of the attention of the inventive mind. One genius, whose nights had evidently been made hideous by back fence concerts, devised a cast iron cat with steel claws to fight live cats to the death. It contained a clockwork arrangement, and all that was necessary was to wind up the cast iron cat and place it on the fence where it would meet and vanquish all comers. Another feline novelty is a phosphorescent cat, designed to frighten away rats and mice.

Another device is called an exerciser for cats, and the application for a patent says that it is intended primarily for "well fed, fat and lazy cats." It consists of a large ball to be filled with catnip—in brief, it is a medicine ball for tabbies. The cat gets a whiff of the catnip and pursues the ball and bats it about until it has had a thorough working out. Three weeks work with the ball is guaranteed to bring any old cat back into form.

The problem of getting people up in the morning is as old as the hills, and one of the early patents issued covers a scheme for rigging a kind of alarm on old fashioned wall clocks. By this arrangement when the hands on the clock had journeyed around to the desired hour for the alarm a spring was released that dropped a weight on a tin pan that had been placed under the clock. A more modern device consists of a mechanism to be rigged up on the head of the bed so that when the alarm was sounded a netlike affair is dropped on the face of the sleeper to tickle him until he awakes.

But, progressing beyond the alarm clock feature, Adolph J. Nordman of San Francisco in 1885 patented a combination "alarm and waking bed." It was so arranged that if the sleeper did not hop out of bed immediately on the sounding of the alarm the upper part of the bed dropped suddenly and he found himself standing on his head. The only way of beating that was to sleep with your head at the foot of the bed.

In 1892 G. A. Seaman of Brooklyn came along with a time alarm bed that you couldn't beat. When the alarm went off the bed performed some sort of convulsion that effectually ejected the occupant. This undoubtedly did the business, but apparently it was a little rough, for in 1894 Mr. Seaman came back with an application for a patent on an improvement on this bed. The improved bed did not throw a fit and eject the sleeper when the alarm sounded but merely rolled him gently out on the floor.

As a kind of companion piece to these devices Linus H. Shaw of Brockton, Mass., patented an anti-snoring device in 1891. It consisted of a simple harness designed to prevent one's sleeping with the mouth open.

Mention should be made of a pair of suspenders patented by George C. Hale of Kansas City in 1885. The novel feature about them is that they were to be of greatest utility when they were not being worn. They were constructed with a long cord woven into them that could be readily unravelled, "thus," says the application, "enabling a man trapped on the upper floor of a burning building to lower the cord and pull up a rope upon which he might descend to safety."

The horror of being buried alive has evidently spurred inventive geniuses to unusual efforts, for patents have been issued on a number of devices for extricating one from that unfortunate predicament. Six years ago Edwin S. Crosby and Ell Ray Henry of Lake Charles, La., patented an intricate apparatus for signalling from graves. By this mechanism the slightest manifestation of returning consciousness on the part of a supposed corpse that has been interred flashes a signal on top of the grave and sounds an S O S alarm in the house of the sexton, which is continued until the grave has been opened. The mechanism also supplies oxygen to the interred pending the arrival of relief.

Away back in 1868 Franz Veste of Newark, N. J., wrestled with the same problem and he devised what he termed an improved burial case. A person buried in one of these cases who returned to life could either ring a bell for help or climb a ladderlike affair and emerge from the grave. In the words of the inventor: "Now, should the person laid in the coffin on returning to life desire to ascend from the coffin and grave to the surface he can do so by means of the ladder."

Obviously Mr. Veste would not force the use of his device upon the unwilling, as he offered the alternative of using the ladder or turning over and making a good job of dying. He had heard no doubt of the philosophy that "life is just one darn thing after another, so what's the use?"

Sigmund Neuberger, known on the stage as the Great Lafayette, patented in 1907 a series of complex theatrical devices to be used in producing the effect of a real lion hunt on the stage, the dramatic capture of the lion, and the feeding of a live woman to the lion. Other theatrical novelties that have been patented include devices to aid gymnasts in some of their more startling performances.

George F. Cahill of Holyoke, Mass., in 1904 patented an arrangement by means of which fields could be illuminated so that baseball and other games might be played at night in the open. Another inventor came along about the same time with a device for lighting racetracks so that the sport of kings could be carried on after dark, but those were the days before the bookies had been put out of business, when the hours from sunrise to sunset were all too short for the racing game. A more popular device to-day would be one that would make it possible to carry on horseracing as of old.

It goes without saying that inventors of perpetual motion machines have got by the examiners of the patent office. In 1880 Theobold Leininger of Mercer county, Ohio, patented a water motor, which if it would do all that was expected of it would have solved virtually the problem of perpetual motion.

More recently, Charles E. Griffing of Hamilton, Ohio, patented an electrical steam boiler which, after the dyamo attached to it had once been started by a gas engine would generate steam that would run the dynamo that would create the electricity that would heat the boiler and generate the steam that would run the dynamo, and so on, as long presumably as there was water in the boiler or until the carbureter went out of commission or something untoward like that happened.

One of the patents that may be classed as a freak, not because of the nature of the device but because of the persistency of the patentee and his heirs, is a fire extinguisher upon which William A. Graham of Lexington, Va., made application for a patent in 1837. For some reason, long since forgotten in the department, the patent was not issued until 1878, and then it went to Graham's estate.

A saluting device perfected and patented by J. C. Boyle of Spokane, Wash., in 1896 is certainly entitled to rank as a novelty, whatever its utility may be. It consisted of a mechanism to be concealed in a derby hat which would cause the hat to tip itself whenever the wearer bowed to an acquaintance. If it were desired to make the salute even more profound or impressive the hat would raise itself from the head, rotate completely and return to its place.

It remained for a German, Martin Goetze of Berlin, to perfect an invention that appeals essentially to the fair sex, a device for producing dimples. It was a machine something like the brace and bit with which a carpenter bores holes. A rounded tip pressed firmly against the spot selected for the dimple, while a small rollerlike affair rotated around it, massaging the flesh until the dimple was created. The inventor, who patented his device in Germany before he introduced it into the United States, claimed that it would either produce dimples or nurture and maintain those created by nature.

Another device for women was a garment supporter patented by a woman, Florence A. Ellery of Taunton, Mass., in 1886. It is described as a "simple and effective means for supporting from the shoulders any number of skirts that a lady may have occasion to wear." The patent was issued of course long before the sheath gown was in style.

If told that the late Dr. Mary A. Walker once took out a patent on an article and asked to guess what it was nine out of ten persons would say trousers for women or suspender buttons that wouldn't come off or something identified with the masculine attire that made Dr. Walker conspicuous for years. But nine out of ten guesses would be wrong. What Dr. Walker actually invented and patented was a chart to be used in teaching spelling to children. It was designed to impress on the youthful mind the distinction between words that are pronounced alike but spelled differently.

Abraham Lincoln is one of the country's notables who secured a patent from the Patent Office, and it may be matter of general surprise that the invention of a man distinguished as Lincoln was for his great common sense should be classed among the odd contrivances. But it is. In 1849 Lincoln patented what was to prove an unsinkable steamship. The records of the Patent Office do not disclose the fact, but it is known that the invention was not a success.

A rain making device is another of the queer patents. It was patented in 1880 by Daniel Ruggles of Fredericksburg, Va., and consisted of a balloon, loaded with torpedoes, which would be exploded by an electric current when the balloon entered the clouds.

Persons who cherish a grievance against the man who invented apartment houses can vent it on W. C. James of California. Mr. James may not be the inventor of the original apartment house, but he invented one and secured a patent on it six years ago.

There's the Ohio man who patented a scheme for using corn cobs to polish dental plates and the Indianapolis man who convinced the examiners that he had devised a new and useful way of growing sweet potatoes and other tubers. Then there's the process for making soft peanut candy, but the interesting feature about that patent is that one of the patentees gives his name as Little Jimmie Green.

There's the device for removing skippers from cheese and another for removing tapeworms from human beings. There's the bootjack that can be converted into a pistol and vice versa. There's the stocking that does not come to a point at the toe, its inventor claiming that if worn universally it will remedy all the ills the human foot is heir to.

There's the device for assisting the aged or infirm up stairs in a gentle, boosting sort of way, but as yet there is no mechanism for assisting book agents and other undesirable citizens down stairs or out of the front door.

The man who has the tobacco habit and wants to regulate it can use the tobacco box with a patented time lock. He can set it so that he can only get at his favorite weed at stated intervals. No one has patented a process or device for regulation of the liquor habit, and no one has ever come forward with a waterwagon that is easier to stick on than fall off.

However the inventors of freaks have done some things for the elbow crooking fraternity. One of them devised a walking stick that could conceal a good half pint of whiskey. Another produced a shotgun with a receptacle for a full pint of liquor, and another genius contrived what appeared to be a book but was in reality a flask. All these articles are especially convenient for travellers in prohibition States.

Then there is the umbrella that can be converted into a pipe, and a patent baseball catcher that might be adopted to advantage by some of the clubs in the major leagues. There is a horse tail controller too that is of interest to drivers. A horse ornamented with this attachment cannot switch his tail over reins nor can he buck or kick.

There is a foot lantern for those who have to go out at night with both hands full, or with no hands at all, and there is an eyeglass with a mirror attachment so that the wearer can see all that goes on behind his back, as well as what is happening in front of him. There is an "improvement in modes of obtaining silk from living spiders and other silk producers," and an improved method of making hash. There is a calf weaner and a ——but the list is too long.

It is longer than the Patent Office likes to admit, for the officials there do not like to have the impression go abroad that so many freak inventions are patented. As matter of fact, as has been pointed out, it is not the fault of the officials, and it is far more difficult to get a freak past the examiners now than it was fifteen or twenty years ago.

It is also true that a list of the freaks upon which patents are not issued would be far longer and more interesting than the list of those that have been patented, but no information is obtainable concerning them. Applications for patents are guarded with absolute secrecy until the patents have been issued. Then descriptions of the articles, illustrated with the drawings of the inventor, may be secured at the Patent Office by anybody on the payment of a nominal fee.

No list of freaks is complete, however, without mention of the monument that was patented in 1860 by T. Windell. On the drawing of the monument which accompanied his application Windell inscribed his obituary, as follows:

Here lies Windell,
An Inventor by trade.
This monument you see
Is an invention he made.

A curious fact—
It has sometimes been said,
That he made it while living,
But enjoys it while dead.

Fine Mink Furs for Prize Dog.

From the Kansas City Times.

It isn't every dog that can boast of false hair and wear two sets of fur brazenly, just as though it didn't care who knew that one of them was not its own hair. But even the grammar will grudgingly admit that there are exceptions to all rules. This time the exception is Osage Lady Jane, owned, controlled and fed by J. P. Lane.

The coat with which Lady Jane will be stepping about in in a few days is made of mink and will cost $250. The coat is striped with dark and light mink and has fourteen dangling tails. Considering the past records of Lady Jane Mr. Lane doesn't think he is doing too much for the dog.

"She wins in about every show I have exhibited her," Lane said. "She'll be a dazzler in that outfit. It's a shame to hide her natural color and charms with even mink skins, but you know the wind these days is cutting."

New Use for a Crypt.

From the London Evening Standard.

The Rev. C. H. Chard, rector of Spitalfields, has converted the crypt of his church into a store where poor people whose homes are broken up may deposit their furniture free of charge until they are in a position to set up house again. At present the crypt is full of furniture.

LAWYERS' WORK FOR CHILDREN

LITTLE ITALIANS WHO PROFIT BY THEIR GIFTS.

A Bleecker Street Institution Which Shelters Children of No Other Race—Many Come There Within Two Weeks After Leaving Ellis Island.

In a once fashionable residence district of old New York, at 198 Bleecker street, is a kindergarten where eighty or more pure little Italians from the ages of 3 to 6 are being turned into good Americans.

This particular branch of the New York Kindergarten Association is known as the Lawyers Kindergarten, its chief supporters being members of that profession. Not a child of any other nationality than Italian comes to this little school and not a one but was born in Italy. Some of the children find their way there within two weeks of their parents' landing in this country, some coming in their gay native costumes and of course speaking no English.

Mrs. William Rockefeller is a sort of fairy godmother to this little family. Through her gifts the children have a luncheon of hot milk and graham crackers every day and on the holidays every little girl received from her a doll and every boy a toy.

The teachers at the Lawyers Kindergarten are two American girls, Miss J. B. Ahl and Miss J. F. Eldredge.

"We have something very interesting here," said Miss Ahl in speaking of the work. "These children are wholly Italian born and are most bright and original. Some of them come here in less than two weeks after their families have landed at Ellis Island. For a time after their arrival the families live the same here as in Italy, but they quickly become Americanized. Nothing helps this, however, like teaching the very young children American ways.

"Children who have reached the age of 6 and who have left us to go to public school proudly refer to themselves as 'kindergarten graduates.' You will hear many a boy down here in Bleecker and Macdougal streets referring to himself as a 'graduate.'

"Recently we had sixty children on the roll, forty-five of whom spoke nothing but Italian, but they learn quickly by pantomime, and soon catch up English. We of course teach them just as American children are taught in such schools. But one of the chief things is to teach them to be well mannered and polite.

"One day there came to us through the open door, unannounced, Torribbio and Angela Sceofiana, a little brother and sister, dressed in their native costume. The little boy was 5 and the girl 3, but she wore a queer flannel scarf pinned in a point over her forehead and hanging down behind, embroidered in bright pinks and blues. All we could make out from them at first was 'Messina.' 'Italia' and 'Americano.' They were Sicilians, and likely Messina earthquake refugees.

"Another time, one of our little scholars, Giuseppe Arloto, a bright little boy, came to bid us good-by, saying that his father was going back to Italy to live, and we did not hear anything of them for a long time. But one day, however, quite unexpectedly little Aïda, a bosom girl friend of Giuseppe, came running in, crying:

"'Oh, teacher! Do you remember Giuseppe Arloto, the little boy what was so black, with the big eyes and dark hair, and the big deep voice?' We told her we did and laughed, for the little Arloto was only 5. 'Well, he went back to Italy,' she exclaimed, 'and the whole town where he was fell down and went bust. Giuseppe's father went bust—his mother went bust, and Giuseppe, he went bust—and that's all you will ever hear of them again.' They had, indeed, all been lost in the Messina eart..quake.

"These little ones are quick to action. One day our class was sitting facing the windows when all at once one of the boys, Joe Basso, wiggled his hand in the air. 'Teacher, I am going home.' 'No, you cannot,' we told him. 'It is only 11 o'clock.' 'But I must,' he insisted. 'Mother has taken the chicken in. Didn't you see it hanging on the fire escape? She's taken it in for dinner and I must go.' And he went.

"Italian parents grasp at the opportunity offered them to send their children to the public schools, while these kindergartens are a privilege undreamed of before coming to this country. We are in the midst of all kinds of poverty down in this part of the city, but in order to avert the feeling of charity here each child pays five cents a week. Days are never dull down here, for the originality and ingenuity of these children keep things interesting."

PATTERING RAINDROPS.

Their Varying Sound Effects on Umbrellas of Different Fabrics.

"The patter of the raindrops on the roof, as the poet puts it," said Mr. MacGlinckinton, "has one sound on a shingle roof, another on a tin roof and quite another still on a roof of corrugated iron; and there's as much variety in the sound of raindrops falling on umbrellas.

"You raise a cotton umbrella, for instance, and the rain falling on it has no resonance. On a cotton umbrella, the fabric thick and soft and comparatively loosely woven, the raindrops fall with a soft, almost noiseless sort of dull thud; the rain and the sound are absorbed in the spongier fabric. No liveliness in the patter of raindrops on a cotton umbrella.

"But now you take what they call a union umbrella, made of a cloth part cotton and part silk, or part linen and part silk. Here we do get a patter of raindrops; the fabric is closely woven enough and tightly enough stretched to give some resonance. It is a distinct patter that we get when the raindrops strike a union umbrella; but on umbrellas we get the full effect of pattering raindrops on silk umbrellas only.

"The silk umbrella is made of a fine fabric, closely and uniformly woven and as tightly stretched between its ribs as a drumhead. It is on the silk umbrella only that we get the full effect of pattering raindrops, sharp, ringing and resonant. If, romantically inclined, we have no place where we can go to listen to the patter of the raindrops on the roof, we can get somewhere near to that effect by walking abroad in the rain carrying a silk umbrella."

ADJUSTABLE PICTURE FRAMES

Which Can Be Used Upright for Portraits or Lengthwise for Landscapes.

"Did you ever see," said a shopper, "among ornamental picture frames designed to stand on desk or table one oblong in shape that could be used either upright, as it would commonly be for a portrait, or lengthwise, as it would be for a landscape picture?

"You know it isn't easy to find small frames designed for landscapes, frames that are longer than they are tall, but this frame can be used either way. The support on the back, the foot that you spread out to make the frame stand up, is mounted on a disk in the back of the frame, a disk that can be turned so that this frame can be as readily used one way as the other, either upright or with its greatest length horizontal."